

T H E  
Shepherd's Garland.

B E I N G A  
Collection of new SONGS,

V I Z.

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T E W K E S B U R Y:

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T H E

# SHEPHERD'S GARLAND.



## The HIGHLAND QUEEN.

**N**O more my song shall be ye swains,  
Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains,  
More pleasing beauties now inspire,  
And Phœbus deigns the warbling lyre,  
Divinely aided, thus I mean;  
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her sweet innocence I find,  
Wity beauty, truth, and freedom join'd,  
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
And gives a lustre to the whole;  
A matchless shape and lovely mein,  
All center in my Highland Queen.

No sudden rush, no trifling joy,  
Her settled calm of mind destroy,  
From pride and affectation free,  
Alike she smiles on you and me;  
The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth whom gentle fate,  
Has destin'd to so fair a mate,

With all those wond'rous gifts in store,  
 While each returning days brings more;  
 No man more happy can be seen,  
 Possessing thee my Highland Queen.



## On the late Engagement in Charles-Town river.

GOOD people of Old England, come listen unto me,  
 All you that lives at home at ease, and from all dangers  
 free,

What I'm a going to mention and to you shall declare,  
 Concerning part of our fleet as they a cruising were.

It is of a late action as for a truth we hear,  
 As part of our British fleet for Charles-Town they did steer,  
 As we the river sail'd along, the Proviucials they began,  
 The Bristol most unfortunate she on the bar did run.

Then from the town and batteries they fired on us amain,  
 With red-hot shot all from the shore, on board of us they came,  
 And seeing us lie on the bar their intentions was so,  
 Our gallant ship for to blow up, and prove our overthrow.

But thro' God's providence so great, prevented their desire,  
 Tho' with their shot that came so hot they set us twice on fire,  
 But soon we out the flames did put our gallant seamen brave,  
 They did their best endeavours their precious lives to save.

The gallant Bristol well behav'd tho' she was in distress,  
 And all the ships in company kept firing to excess,  
 Our cannons briskly we display'd our shot like hail did pour,  
 Amongst the Blacks and Indians so numerous on the shore.

We drove them from their batteries and made them to  
 retreat,  
 Likewise the town soon shattered with our gallant fleet,  
 We gave them a warm reception, and that they know to  
 well,  
 Because against Old England great they strongly did rebel.

We engaged many hours for the best part of the day,  
 Our brave commander he was kill'd all in the bloody fray,  
 Two hundred more brave men was kill'd the engagement  
 prov'd so sore,

Upon the decks poor souls they lay all in their purple gore.

Now to conclude and make an end, Lord send it was all  
 o'er,

In love and unity to live as we have done before,  
 Success unto all Britons bold that's both by land and sea,  
 Who now is venturing their lives in North America.

## SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

THE month of May is now begun,  
 The sweetest flowers are all in bloom,  
 The nymphs and swains like lambs do play,  
 To welcome shepherd's holiday.

The man is blest that's free from care,  
 Whom Cupid's dart can ne'er insnare,  
 With ev'ry nymph to sport and play,  
 And welcome shepherd's holiday.

Young Betsey rules in all the train,  
 Whene'er they dance upon the plain,  
 She on her harp does sweetly play,  
 To welcome shepherd's holiday.

At night when tir'd to take my rest,  
 On Betsey's arm I'm ever blest,  
 From her my love shall never stray,  
 Upon the shepherd's holiday.





## The Blind Girl's Lamentation.

**G**OOD people all that fear the Lord on high,  
Behold the works of him that rules the sky;  
You see how he has struck me stone blind,  
Therefore I hope some comfort for to find.

Alas, I am, and must be in darkness bound,  
And for my bread I wander up and down;  
For let the sun and moon shine e'er so bright,  
I can't discern them, or even the candle light.

The fever has depriv'd me of my sight,  
Which causes me a dark eternal night;  
Which causes my unhappy doom and fate,  
And for my bread this dismal tale relate.

The loss of sight has prov'd my overthrow,  
And alas, has brought me very poor and low;  
For want of sight I cannot use my hands,  
To get my bread as the Lord commands.

All you that see my dismal state,  
I hope that you wont think yourselves too great,  
You see what misfortunes on us fall,  
When we lose our sight in this world we lose all.

But I hope the lord will a pasture prepare,  
To keep my body and enlighten my care;  
Until that my nightly race I run,  
Then shall I see and be no more a poor woman.

The fever has taken my sight away,  
And never since could I discern the day;  
So I pray good people pity shew to me,  
For I am in a dark calamity.

It is a dismal thing for me,  
 During my life, in darkness for to be;  
 Just in my prime to be depriv'd of sight,  
 While here on earth, I'm left in darkness quite.

Tho' here on earth in darkness I must always be,  
 I always trust my Saviour Christ to see;  
 Where free from pain or trouble I,  
 Shall there be blest with everlasting joy.

With patience Job did wait upon the lord,  
 And put his trust all in his holy word;  
 So God alone my guide shall always be,  
 And in due time free me from misery.

So to conclude and make an end,  
 My lamentation here I've penn'd;  
 God grant that none may never know,  
 The want of sight which now I undergo.



### The Broom on Cowdenknows.

WHEN summer comes the swains on Tweed,  
 Sing their successful loves;  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves;  
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,  
 So fair on Cowdenknows,  
 For sure so soft, so sweet a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

*Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 The broom on Cowdenknows,  
 For sure, so soft so sweet a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.*

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart;  
 No shepherd e'er that pip'd on Tweed,  
 Cou'd play with half such art,  
 He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader haughs, and Leader side.  
 Oh! how I blest the sound.

*Oh! the Broom, &c.*

Not Tiviot braes so green and gay,  
 May with its broom compare,  
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair;  
 More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,  
 At eve among the broom.

*Oh! the Broom, &c.*



### The jolly Young Waterman.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,  
 Who at Black-Friar's bridge us'd for to ply,  
 And he feather'd his oars with such skill & dexterity,  
 Winning each heart and delighting each eye:  
 He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,  
 The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,  
 He ey'd the young rouges with so charming an air,  
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.  
 What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,  
 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted with all,  
 He was always first oars when the fine city ladies,  
 In a party to Ranelagh went to Vauxhall,

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,  
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering.  
 For loving or liking he little did care,  
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,  
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,  
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,  
 That she smil'd & so straitway in love he did fall:  
 And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,  
 He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow:  
 And how should this waterman ever know care,  
 When he's married and never in want of a fare.



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### My Lodging, a favourite Mad Song.

**M**Y lodging is on the cold ground,  
 And very hard is my fare,  
 But that which grieves me more, love,  
 Is the coldness of my dear.

Yet still he cry'd, turn love,  
 I pray thee love turn to me,  
 For thou art the only girl love,  
 That is adored by me.

With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love,  
 I'll marry you with a rush ring,  
 Thy frozen heart shall melt, love,  
 So merrily I shall sing. Yet still, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,  
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
 Oh! I must endure the smart, love,  
 And tumble in straw all alone. Yet still, &c.